



GOOD NEWS

MUSICAL COMEDY

By LAURENCE SCHWAB and B. G. DeSYLVIA

Lyrics by B. G. DeSylvia and Lew Brown

Music by Ray Henderson

10 males, 5 females, Singers, Dancers, Musicians, and Extras

GOOD NEWS is sparked with the tunes of the roaring twenties, when pork-pie hats and coonskin coats cluttered the campus. In story and song are recaptured the nostalgic memories of the days when the bobby-soxer was called "flapper" and when a college campus was crowded with jalopies instead of jeeps. The then current collegiate craze was the "Varsity Drag." Against this background of youthful gaiety unfolds the story of Tom Marlowe, college football hero and campus casanova. Tom has flunked his astronomy examination, and things look mighty dark for the team. But then Tom's sweetheart Patricia induces her demure cousin Connie to tutor him. Tom digs in in real earnestness. The upshot of all this is that not only does Tom fall in love with Connie, but the Professor turns out to be tender-hearted after all and passes Tom on the eve of the big game. Then the game itself—what a game! Suspense runs high. Tom finally gets in the game and takes the pigskin across the goal line for the winning touchdown.

(Royalty, \$50.00.)

THE MERRY WIDOW

OPERETTA

Book and Lyrics by CHARLES GEORGE

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

6 men, 12 women, and a mixed singing and dancing chorus
(As many as desired)

One interior set and modern costumes

All the celebrated song numbers are retained. This is a new and modern story of the romance of a dashing and handsome young Prince of the kingdom of Altruria and a beautiful young American widow. The comedy is clever and wholesome. The operetta is not difficult to cast and stage. The music will show your best singers to their greatest advantage. Suitable for any group from advanced High Schools to Civic and Professional Societies.

Libretto and vocal score \$3.00 (Royalty, \$50-\$25.)

An eleven piece orchestration (an all-new arrangement) available at a rental charge of \$10.00 a performance for the use of same, plus deposit.



Dames at Sea

A MUSICAL COMEDY

Book and Lyrics by
GEORGE HAIMSOHN
and **ROBIN MILLER**

Music by
JIM WISE



25 WEST 45TH STREET
7623 SUNSET BOULEVARD
LONDON

NEW YORK 10036
HOLLYWOOD 90046
TORONTO

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AND JIM WISE (BOOK, MUSIC AND LYRICS)

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AT SEA must make application to SAMUEL FRENCH, INC.,
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ing particulars:

- (1) The name of the town and theatre or hall in which it is
proposed to give the production.
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DAMES AT SEA, with book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, music by Jim Wise, directed and choreographed by Neal Kenyon, was presented by Jordan Hott and Jack Millstein at the Bouwerie Lane Theatre, N.Y.C.

CAST
(In Order of Appearance)

MONA KENT *Tamara Long*
JOAN *Sally Stark*
HENNESEY *Steve Elmore*
RUBY *Bernadette Peters*
DICK *David Christmas*
LUCKY *Joseph R. Sicari*
THE CAPTAIN *Steve Elmore*

TIME: The early thirties.

ACT ONE

Any 42nd Street theatre.

ACT TWO

On the battleship.

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

Wall Street *Mona*
It's You *Dick and Ruby*
Broadway Baby *Dick*
That Mister Man of Mine *Mona and Chorus*
Choo-Choo Honeymoon *Joan and Lucky*
*The Sailor of My Dreams *Ruby*
*Singapore Sue *Lucky and Company*
*Good Times are Here to Stay *Joan and Company*

ACT TWO

Dames at Sea *Company*
The Beguine *Mona and Captain*
Raining in My Heart *Ruby and Chorus*
There's Something About You *Dick and Ruby*
Raining in My Heart (*Reprise*) *Ruby*
*The Echo Waltz *Mona, Joan, Ruby and Company*
Star Tar *Ruby and Chorus*
Let's Have a Simple Wedding *Company*

Pianos: Richard J. Leonard, Ann Countryman

Percussionist: Ian Finkel

**Lyrics* by George Haimsohn

Dames at Sea

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

SCENE: *Backstage at a 42nd St. Theatre.*

TIME: *The Early Thirties. OVERTURE, then: The LIGHTS come up as the CURTAIN opens on MONA KENT singing "WALL STREET." She is posed on a giant ticker-tape machine.*

MONA.

WHEN YOUR JOB HAS FALLEN THROUGH
AND YOUR RENT IS OVERDUE,
WHEN THE BUTCHER'S GONNA SUE
DON'T DESPAIR!

GET THAT RHYTHM IN YOUR TOES,
DOLL UP IN YOUR SWELLEST CLOTHES,
GO DOWN WHERE THAT GREEN STUFF GROWS,
IT'S THERE, ALL THERE!

ON WALL STREET,
COME ON DOWN TO WALL STREET
WHERE THOSE MILLIONAIRES
WILL GIVE YOUR TROUBLES A HOLIDAY!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BROADWAY
WITH ITS TAWDRY WARES,
JUST GIMME THAT STREET
WITH ITS SHARES
(BULLS AND BEARS) ON

WALL STREET,
IT'S THE RISE AND FALL STREET
WHERE YOU'LL FIND A RICH TYCOON
TO CROON ALL YOUR BLUES AWAY!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR TEXAS
WITH ITS HOME ON THE RANGE,
JUST GIMME A SEAT
ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE,
IN THE MIDDLE OF

WALL STREET,
IT'S THE SABLE SHAWL STREET
WHERE YOU NEVER SEE A NOTE
THAT'S LESS THAN A CENTUR-Y OR A G,
SO WALL STREET, WALL STREET,
WALL STREET'S FOR ME!
(TAP DANCE SECTION.)
IN THE MIDDLE OF WALL STREET,
IT'S THE ALL IN ALL STREET,
YOU WILL NEVER FIND ME
LIVIN' IN LONDON, PARIS, OR ROME,
'CAUSE A TICKER-TAPE IS TICKIN' IN MY DOME,

TELING ME THAT
WALL STREET, WALL STREET, WALL STREET,
WHERE THE BIG SPENDERS ALL MEET,
WALL STREET, WALL STREET, WALL STREET'S MY
HOME!

(DANCE TAG. On applause, MONA does dance bow poses.)

HENNESEY. (Offstage, after MONA has bowed, to MUSICAL DIRECTOR.) Hit it, Joe.

(MONA starts to dance again, joined by JOAN.)

MONA. I've had enough. (She stops dancing.)

HENNESEY. (Offstage.) Work Lights.

(MUSIC stops.)

JOAN. (To a line of CHORUS GIRLS Offstage.) Hold it, gang! The Amazon Queen's on the warpath again.

HENNESEY. (Enters; to STAGEHAND in wings.) Hey Charlie, strike this. (Ticker-tape PLATFORM is pulled off.) Okay, okay. Take five. (JOAN relaxes at Proscenium Arch. Patronizing.) Mona, baby, you're gonna be great in this part.

MONA. I am? Then what about my billing?

HENNESEY. But Mona! You're the leading lady! Can't you just see it? Mona Kent in "Dames at Sea"! Your name's going up in lights, baby.

MONA. Yeah—but how big? Listen, you know the Wrigley sign? Well—I want it that big. In color. And twinkling!

HENNESEY. Mona! Please! My nerves! I'm about ready to crack.

MONA. So I've noticed. (*Offstage NOISE.*) What's going on around here anyway?

HENNESEY. (*Nervously.*) Nothing, nothing.

MONA. Then why is that work-gang lined up outside the stage door?

HENNESEY. Work-gang? That's no work-gang, Mona; they're your fans.

MONA. Oh, bananas! (*Exits.*)

JOAN. There she goes, the Lady Macbeth of 42nd Street.

(*RUBY enters from the rear of the theatre dressed in a raincoat. She is timid, bewildered and in awe of everything.*)

RUBY. (*Coughing to get HENNESEY's attention.*) Oh—er—pardon me.

HENNESEY. (*Indifferently.*) Yeah? What do you want, kid?

RUBY. My name is Ruby and I'm a dancer. I just got off the bus and I want to be in a Broadway show.

HENNESEY. Where you from?

RUBY. Utah.

HENNESEY. Listen, Ruby, you think you can tap your way to stardom overnight, don't you?

RUBY. Well—back home they said—

HENNESEY. Well, they're wrong! It's a jungle out there. Dog eat dog. Broadway's paved with broken hopes and worn-out dreams—

JOAN. And worn-out feet, too.

HENNESEY. So take a tip from a guy who knows—and go back home!

RUBY. But I can't! I spent all my savings.

JOAN. Have a heart, Hennesey! Can't you see the kid's got class? Say, why can't she take Glenda's place in the line?

HENNESEY. What's happened to Glenda?

JOAN. Wake up, you dope! Don't you read the funny papers? Glenda hitched up with Corny Astor the Third last night and sailed on the Berengaria this morning!

HENNESEY. That snake! Glenda's the third cutie he's swiped from my line.

JOAN. Wish it was me. Her engagement ring's so heavy she walks lopsided!

HENNESEY. (*Resigned, to RUBY.*) Okay, girly, do you know the music?

RUBY. Why I—er—

HENNESEY. Do you know the number?

RUBY. Well, I haven't heard—

HENNESEY. The routine?

RUBY. Well, no one has shown—

HENNESEY. CAN YOU DO IT?

RUBY. (*After a pause, gulping bravely.*) I'll try.

JOAN. Good girl!

HENNESEY. (*To MUSICAL DIRECTOR.*) Hit it, Joe! (*HENNESEY motions JOAN to help RUBY, who then takes off her raincoat. Underneath she is wearing a rehearsal costume. SHORT DANCE to WALL STREET reprise, RUBY and JOAN. During the dance.*) Faster! Faster! C'mon girls—pick 'em up! Pick 'em up! Now, you babies—give! Bleed for me! Bleed! Faster! Faster! (*Stopping the MUSIC.*) Okay, okay. (*To RUBY.*) You're hired. (*Aside to JOAN.*) Joan, brush her up a little. (*He exits.*)

JOAN. Say, Ruby, you got a room yet? (*RUBY shakes her head.*) Well, it ain't the Ritz, but how'd you like to move in with Ginger and me and Bubbles and Trixie? The bed's lumpy and Trixie snores but you're welcome—as long as you don't mind the neon blinking in your face all night and the plaster falling when the El goes by.

RUBY. Gee, that's nice of you, but—

JOAN. If it's rent you're worrying about, forget it. So you're broke! We all are. Where's your suitcase?

RUBY. My suitcase? (*Looks around for it.*) My suitcase! I left it on the bus! What am I gonna do? (*Starts to faint.*) Say, Miss—

JOAN. (*Supporting RUBY.*) The name's Joan.

RUBY. Joan, do you happen to have a Graham cracker on you?

JOAN. No. Why? You hungry?

RUBY. I'll say. I haven't eaten in three days.

JOAN. You poor kid! What you need is a good square meal. I just remembered, I got a Baby Ruth in my handbag. (*JOAN runs Offstage.*)

(*RUBY staggers again as DICK enters through the house with suitcase. He catches RUBY just as she faints.*)

SONG: "IT'S YOU"

DICK.

IT ISN'T JEAN HARLOW,
IT ISN'T GRETA GARBO,
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

RUBY. (*Coming around.*)

IT'S NOT LESLIE HOWARD,
OR EVEN NOEL COWARD,
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

IT ISN'T BERT WHEELER—

DICK.

IT ISN'T RUBY KEELER—

BOTH.

NO ONE OF THEM, NO NONE OF THEM WILL DO!

DICK.

NOT CLAUDETTE,

RUBY.

OR CARY,

JACK BENNY,

DICK.

OR MARY,

RUBY.

IT'S YOU,

DICK.

IT'S YOU,

BOTH.

IT'S YOU!

RUBY.

IT ISN'T RICHARD ARLEN,

OR SPANKY McFARLAND,

IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

DICK.

IT ISN'T AIMEE SEMPLE,

OR EVEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE,

IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

RUBY.

NOT AMOS OR ANDY

DICK.

OR ORPHAN ANNIE OR SANDY—

BOTH.

NO ONE OF THEM, NO NONE OF THEM WILL DO!

RUBY.

NOT THE BARRYMORE TRIO

DICK.

NOR DOLORES DEL RIO—

BOTH.

IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

(DANCE SECTION A LA FRED and GINGER.)

RUBY.

IT ISN'T CHARLIE FARRELL,

DICK.

IT ISN'T NANCY CARROL,

BOTH.

MY LUCKY STAR CAME TUMBLING FROM THE
BLUE,

RUBY.
IT'S NOT RUDY VALLEE,
DICK.
OR MARION TALLEY
NOT ONE OF THEM WILL DO—

BOTH.
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU!

DICK. (*Handing her a battered suitcase.*) This is yours, isn't it? I followed you all the way from the bus depot. You left it in front of the water fountain.

RUBY. (*Opening the suitcase and revealing its total contents: one pair of tap shoes.*) Gee, thanks. It's all I have in the world. I sure would hate to lose these. I've had them ever since I was at Madame Melba's Tap, Ballet, and Ballroom Academy.

DICK. Madame Melba's? Say, where are you from?

RUBY. Utah.

DICK. You too? Not Centerville?

RUBY. Why yes!

DICK. Gosh! So am I. Say, haven't I seen you at Marigold's Drug Store on the corner of Main and Chestnut Street?

RUBY. I wouldn't be surprised. My uncle's the proprietor.

DICK. You mean Uncle Gus? Your uncle is Uncle Gus Marigold?

RUBY. During the summer I helped out at the soda fountain.

DICK. Then you're the girl who sold me an Eskimo Pie. I knew you were familiar. You know, if I hadn't joined up the next day, I would have come back and ordered Eskimo Pies all day long.

RUBY. You would? You know Uncle Gus just loved to watch me dance. "Ruby," he said, "your feet sing! Those tapping toes of yours are gonna take you a long way."

DICK. And so they have. You're on Broadway!

RUBY. Gosh! So I am!

DICK. You know when I look into those big blue eyes of yours, there's only one thing I want to do.

RUBY. What?

DICK. Sing!

RUBY. Anything else?

DICK. Yes. Dance!

RUBY. Oh, you're a dancer?

DICK. Not exactly. I'm a sailor.

RUBY. Oh.

DICK. But not just any old sailor. You see, I'm a songwriter too.

RUBY. (*Impressed.*) You are?

DICK. (*With determination.*) Yeah! And you know, this cold canyon of steel and concrete doesn't scare me one bit. No siree-bob! When my hitch is over I'm coming back to this burg and turn it upside down. I won't rest until everybody from the lowest

Bowery bum to the ritziest dame on Park Avenue are singing my songs.

(JOAN enters with a Baby Ruth.)

JOAN. Oh Ruby— (*Seeing DICK.*) Excuse me!

RUBY. Oh Joan, I'd like you to meet—

DICK. It's Richard, but my friends call me Dick.

JOAN. (*Shaking hands.*) Put it there, Dick. (*Indicating candy bar.*) Still hungry, kid?

DICK. Don't spoil your appetite—Ruby. (*With phony elegance.*) May I have the honor of taking you to lunch at one of New York's finest restaurants?

JOAN. Which?

DICK. (*Making a joke.*) The Automat, of course.

(ALL laugh.)

JOAN. (*Taking RUBY's arm.*) But first, Admiral, she's gotta try on Glenda's costume for the "Money, Money" number. I don't know why—it's only three pennies.

(JOAN exits with RUBY in tow.)

DICK. What a day! What a girl! I feel . . . I feel . . . (*Suddenly inspired, he pulls a small piano Onstage from the Wings.*) Let's see— (*To tune of "You Are My Lucky Star."*)

I FOUND A BROADWAY ST—

(*Breaks off, shaking head.*) No! (*He begins again, composing music and creating lyrics off the top of his head.*)

SONG: "BROADWAY BABY"

I FOUND ME A BROADWAY BABY,
SHE'S A HIT WITH ME,
WHAT A SMASH, MY BROADWAY BABY,
STANDING ROOM ONLY IS ON THE MARQUEE.

WITH MY NEON BROADWAY BEAUTY
WHO COULD BE AFRAID?
ME AND MY RIALTO CUTIE,
WE'LL LEAD THE EASTER PARADE.

TOGETHER WE'LL CLIMB THAT STAIRWAY,
WE'LL SOAR UP TO THE HEIGHTS,
WHEN TIMES SQUARE IS OUR FREE-FROM-CARE
WAY,
ONE OF THE SIGHTS—OUR NAMES UP IN LIGHTS.

TEAMED UP WITH MY GOTHAM LOVELY
WE WILL BE THE RAGE
HOW DELUXE! HOW HEAVEN-ABOVE-LY
FEATURED ON EVERY FRONT PAGE.

SLUMMING IN HARLEM
OR TWENTY-ONE-ING IT,
WE'LL BE THE ENVY OF ALL,
WITH LUNCH AT SARDIS, NIGHT-LONG PARTIES,
LIFE'S A GALA BALL
WITH MY RAZZLING-DAZZLING BROADWAY BABY
DOLL!

(Spoken—music under.)

Broadway! Street of a thousand schemes and a million fears.
Broadway! Street of a billion dreams and a trillion tears.
Broadway! You river of humanity! How great can one street get.
Filly, thrilly, dizzy, jazzy
Sassy, brassy, razz-ma-tazzy.
Broadway! I'll lick you yet!

(Sung.)

PLAYING THE PALACE,
OR STARRING IN TALKIES,
OR SINGING AT CARNEGIE HALL,
WITH MY NEW YORKER, WHAT A CORKER!
I'LL BE KING OF ALL
WHEN I SASHAY DOWN THE GREAT WHITE WAY
WITH MY GREAT WHITE BABY DOLL!

(MONA enters.)

MONA. *(Posing seductively.)* Well! Hello!

DICK. *(Wide-eyed.)* Hello, Miss Kent.

MONA. Ah—you know me?

DICK. Gee whiz! Everyone knows Mona Kent. Your picture in the Rotogravure every Sunday. An item in Winchell every day! Gee, Miss Kent, you are glamorous!

MONA. "She moves in beauty like the night." Ah, Shakespeare! —the Bird of Avon. What's your name, sailor?

DICK. Uh— Uhh— Richard.

MONA. Enchanté! Tell me—Dick—what was that you were singing just now?

DICK. *(Shyly.)* Oh, it was just one of my songs.

MONA. *(Impressively.)* It's good. Have you any more?

DICK. Well—er—yes, I do. *(Pulls music from under midddy.)*

MONA. *(Glances at it for one full second.)* It's marvelous!
(Dick pulls out chair, sits at piano. MONA sits on top of it.)

SONG: "MISTER MAN OF MINE"

NO KING OR TSAR,
NO DEMPSEY OR GENE TUNNEY,
NO MOVIE STAR,
HIS FACE WAS KIND OF FUNNY—
(*She tosses music over her shoulder.*)
NO LOCHINVAR,
BUT LORDIE HE HAD MONEY,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

HE LOVED ME SO,
AND OH HOW WELL HE KNEW ME;
WHEN I WAS LOW
AND FEELING SAD AND GLOOMY,
HE'D ALWAYS KNOW
AND BRING HOME DIAMONDS TO ME,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

ONCE HE WAS A BIG SHOT
SWIMMING IN CASH,
CHAMPAGNE AND ROSES ALL AROUND.
YEAH: HE WAS A BIG SHOT,
THEN CAME THE CRASH,
AND JACK CAME TUMBLING DOWN!

MY LIFE IS BLACK
SINCE THAT RICH MAN ADORED ME,
I'VE HAD NO LACK
OF MEN BUT THEY ALL BORED ME,
HE WANTS ME BACK
BUT NOW HE CAN'T AFFORD ME.

OURS WAS A FIRE WHOSE FLAME WAS TOO BRIEF,
GONE'S MY DESIRE NOW HE'S ON RELIEF,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

Oh Dick, it's divine! It gets you right here! It'll be perfect for my first act closer! (*A shadow SCREEN appears. As MONA reprises song, accompanied by "oo-oo" CHORUS, the CAST pantomimes the story behind it. Talks it; CHORUS "oo's" under.*)

NO KING OR TSAR,
NO DEMPSEY OR GENE TUNNEY,
NO MOVIE STAR,
HIS FACE WAS KIND OF FUNNY,
NO LOCHINVAR,

BUT LORDIE HE HAD MONEY,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

HE LOVED ME SO,
AND OH HOW WELL HE KNEW ME;
WHEN I WAS LOW
AND FEELING SAD AND GLOOMY,
HE'D ALWAYS KNOW
AND BRING HOME DIAMONDS TO ME,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

ONCE HE WAS A BIG SHOT
SWIMMING IN CASH,
CHAMPAGNE AND ROSES ALL AROUND.
YEAH! HE WAS A BIG SHOT,
THEN CAME THE CRASH
AND JACK CAME TUMBLING DOWN!

MY LIFE IS BLACK
SINCE THAT RICH GUY ADORED ME,
I'VE HAD NO LACK
OF MEN BUT THEY ALL BORED ME,
HE WANTS ME BACK
BUT NOW HE CAN'T AFFORD ME,
THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!

OURS WAS A FIRE WHOSE FLAME WAS TOO BRIEF,
GONE'S MY DESIRE NOW HE'S ON RELIEF,
NO! I CAN'T LIVE ON KISSES
SO I'LL NEVER BE MRS.
TO THAT MISTER MAN OF MINE!
(*Exhausted but exhilarated.*) Oh Dick, it's nifty! It'll stop the
show. Dick, come to my dressing room, and show me what other
numbers you've got hidden up your middy.

(MONA pulls DICK Offstage.)

LUCKY. (*Entering from Wings.*) Hey, Dick? Dick?

JOAN. (*Entering from opposite side, unaware of LUCKY.*) Mr.
Hennesey? Something terrible's happened, something awful. Mr.
Hennesey?

LUCKY. (*Sneaking up behind JOAN.*) Guess who?

(*Puts his hands over her eyes. JOAN reacts bored. Then he pinches
her. JOAN reacts with delight.*)

JOAN. (*Without turning around.*) Lucky, honey!

LUCKY. Joan baby!

(*They embrace enthusiastically. JOAN removes LUCKY's hands from her backsides.*)

JOAN. Hands off the display case.

LUCKY. What's wrong?

JOAN. The fruit spoils with handling.

LUCKY. So I like tomatoes . . . but don't I always come back to you?

JOAN. Yeah! Like a bad dream.

LUCKY. But what about the swell times? Remember the whoopee we had in Baltimore?

JOAN. Sure do. And Atlantic City—swell times.

LUCKY. Swell times! (*Starts to embrace JOAN.*)

JOAN. (*Stopping him.*) But that was all!

LUCKY. What more do you want?

JOAN. (*Slightly embarrassed.*) What does any girl want?

LUCKY. Well, what?

JOAN. I'll tell you.

SONG: "CHOO-CHOO.HONEYMOON"

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW,
SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE,
AND A BRIDEGROOM JUST LIKE YOU.

LUCKY. WOO-WOO!

JOAN and LUCKY.

WE'LL GO GALLOPING FROM THE CHURCH TO THE
STATION
ON A BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY MORNING IN JUNE,
WITH OUR TICKETS AND BAGS AND OUR
RESERVATION
ON A CHOO-CHOO HONEYMOON.

THOUGH IT'S CROWDED WE'LL BOTH CLIMB INTO
THE UPPER
AND WE'LL LAY OFF THE PORTER'S BUZZER TILL
NOON.
THEN I'LL GIVE HIM A TIP TO SNEAK IN OUR
SUPPER
ON A CHOO-CHOO HONEYMOON.

WE'LL BE YICK-ET-Y-YICK-ET-Y-YACKING WHILE
WE UNDRRESS,
JOKING AND LAUGHING UNTIL WE HIT THE HAY,
WE'LL GO CLICK-ET-Y-CLICK-ET-Y-CLACKING ON
THAT
LOVE EXPRESS,

KISSING AND COOING AND CUDDLING ALL THE
WAY

(OH BABY)

THE CONDUCTOR WILL TAKE A PEEK THROUGH
THE CURTAINS

JUST TO TELL US THAT WE'LL BE GETTING IN
SOON,

THOUGH WE'RE SORRY THE TRIP IS OVER WE'RE
CERTAIN

OUR TWO HEARTS ARE SINGING IN TUNE
ON THAT RICK-ET-Y-RACK-ET-Y CHOO-CHOO

CLICK-ET-Y-CLACK-ET-Y WOO-WOO

CHOO-CHOO HONEYMOON!

(DANCE SECTION IN WHICH PIANO IS USED LIKE
A TRAIN.)

OUR TWO HEARTS ARE SINGING IN TUNE
ON THAT RICK-ET-Y RACK-ET-Y CHOO-CHOO

CLICK-ET-Y CLACK-ET-Y WOO-WOO

CHOO-CHOO HONEYMOON!

NIAGARA! CHOO-CHOO, CHOO-CHOO,
CHOO-CHOO, SUNNY, CHOO-CHOO,
CHOO-CHOO, CHOO-CHOO, FUNNY,
CHOO-CHOO, CHOO-CHOO, CHOO-CHOO HONEYMOON!

JOAN.

WOO-WOO!

LUCKY.

WOO-WOO!

With a hey nonny nonny—

JOAN. And a hot-cha-cha! Say, you big lug! How did you track
me down here?

LUCKY. You might call it a co-inky-dink. The fact is I was
trailing a buddy of mine . . . (Seeing DICK and RUBY enter,
starry-eyed.) Hey, Dick, this is Joan!

RUBY. I'm Ruby!

LUCKY. I'm Lucky.

MONA. (Entering.) And I'm absolutely famished. Say, Dick—
how about having lunch with me at my penthouse?

DICK. With you, Miss Kent?

MONA. Yes. The view is *magnifique*!

JOAN. On a clear day you can see Grant's Tomb.

MONA. It's absolutely stuffed with antiques—French, you know.
Louis Ex-I-V.

RUBY. But Dick!

MONA. (Crossing to RUBY.) Who are you? I don't believe I've
had the *plaisir*.

RUBY. My name is Ruby.

MONA. I'm sure. Oh, Dick, I can't wait to hear more of your terrific tunes!

DICK. You mean it?

MONA. But of course, mon cher. Now zip down to the stage door and wait in my Packard. You can't miss it, it matches my ensemble.

DICK. (*Exiting, head in the clouds.*) Gosh!

HENNESEY. (*Entering.*) Mona, where are you going? We're running the finale in five minutes—

MONA. Oh, no, we're not—we're running it when I get back.

HENNESEY. You know I have *half* a mind—

MONA. You're telling me! (*To RUBY.*) Goodbye—uhhh—

RUBY. Ruby.

MONA. Ruby. (*To JOAN.*) All I can say is—she could use a little polishing. (*MONA sweeps out.*)

LUCKY. (*Agog.*) Gee, was that really Mona Kent?

JOAN. Yeah! Every bolt and rivet of her!

LUCKY. Say, how 'bout splitting a cup of java?

JOAN. Keep my half warm, Lucky. (*With a half glance toward a tearful RUBY.*) I'm needed here.

LUCKY. Okay. The drugstore on the corner. Woo-woo! (*LUCKY exits.*)

(*After a pause, JOAN offers RUBY a handkerchief. Then JOAN shoots a look toward where MONA has exited.*)

JOAN. That two-bit phony. Listen, I knew Mona Kent when she was Grace Topolovsky—from Flatbush. She was a dancer—yeah! A taxi-dancer! Don't let her get you down, honey.

RUBY. I never want to see either of them again. Mr. Hennesey was right. Broadway is a jungle. I'm going back to Centerville—where people are nice. (*Starts to exit.*)

JOAN. (*Stopping her vocally.*) All right, go back! Forget Broadway! Forget your talent—your great talent—and go back to the button counter at the five and ten. You aren't big enough for Broadway. It takes push and drive and guts. You gotta claw and scratch and fight every inch of the dirty way. How do you think the others did it? The great ones? Look at Eagles. Look at Brice. Look at Bernhardt. She lost a leg!

RUDY. (*Confused.*) Oh, Joan, what should I do?

JOAN. You still wanna dance?

RUBY. Oh, yes!

JOAN. You still wanna be a Broadway star?

RUBY. Oh, yes!

JOAN. (*With grim seriousness.*) Well, Ruby, there's only one way.

RUBY. How?

JOAN. Practice, kid, practice . . . 5, 6, 7, 8. (RUBY *begins to tap*.) Thatta girl! Keep it up! I got a date with the last of the Big Spenders. (JOAN *exits*.)

(RUBY *continues to tap*.)

DICK. (*Running on*.) Ruby, Miss Kent sent me back for her Pomeranian.

RUBY. (*Still tapping*.) I'm sorry, Dick, but I'm too busy for chit-chat.

DICK. She only gave me five minutes. Ruby—please—I'm sorry about the Automat, but—Ruby! Stop! (*She does*.) Can't you see that you're the only one for me in this whole screwy world! (DICK *draws RUBY to him*.) You and me, that's the only thing that makes sense. But what could I do when someone big, someone like Mona Kent wants to listen to my songs? This could be the break I've been waiting for. Don't you understand?

RUBY. (*Firmly*.) Yes! Yes! I do understand. Mona Kent could get your songs plastered all over Tin Pan Alley. (*Gently*.) I'd never stand in the way of your career.

DICK. Ditto. So let's team up . . . for a lifetime.

RUBY. (*Rushing into his arms*.) Oh, Dick!

(*They kiss*.)

HENNESEY. (*Crossing over*.) Hey, sailor, Mona's burning up A.T.&T. You better get over to her penthouse pronto, or she's gonna close this show before it opens. (HENNESEY *exits*.)

RUBY. (*With great self-sacrifice*.) Go Dick, I want you to. But Dick—do you happen to have any stationery on you?

DICK. What about this? (*Takes music manuscript from middy*.)

RUBY. That'll do just fine. I have a very important letter to write.

DICK. Oh?

RUBY. To your Commander in Chief.

HENNESEY. (*Crossing over again*.) Hey, swabbie, amscray! (*Exits*.)

(DICK *blows a kiss and exits*.)

RUBY. (*Blowing a kiss in return*.) It's about you. (RUBY *takes out a pencil and begins writing on manuscript paper*.)

SONG: "SAILOR OF MY DREAMS"

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT, PLEASE LET ME SAY
I THINK YOUR NAVY'S JUST GREAT.

TELL MRS. ROOSEVELT, THIS IS MY DAY,
FOR I JUST SAID YES TO A BOY'S REQUEST
TO BECOME HIS FIRST CLASS MATE.

BEFORE I WENT TO SLEEP EACH NIGHT I USED
TO PRAY
THE ONLY BOY FOR ME WOULD SOME DAY COME
MY WAY.
NOW THAT HE'S HERE I'LL LOVE AND HONOR
AND OBEY
THE SAILOR OF MY DREAMS!

WHEN HE SAID "GEE YOU'RE SWELL" AND TOOK
ME BY THE HAND,
I FELT LIKE I WAS ALICE LOST IN WONDERLAND.
AH-AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE—I UNDERSTAND
THE SAILOR OF MY DREAMS!

IN SCHOOL I THOUGHT LOVE NOT WORTH
SPEAKING OF,
IT WAS JUST FOR BABES IN THE WOOD,
BUT ONE LITTLE KISS NOW MAKES ME INSIST
IT'S GOOD! IT'S GOOD! IT'S GOOD!

AS HE JUST TOOK THE NAVY OATH TO BE ALL
MINE.
I'LL DARN HIS SOCKS AND WASH HIS SHIRTS
UNTIL THEY SHINE.
OH, MR. ROOSEVELT, YOUR FLEET IS SO DIVINE!
I COULD GO ON FOR REAMS
ABOUT MY DREAM-MAN, MY GENTLE HE-MAN
THE MAN-FOR-ME-MAN, MY FIRST CLASS SEA-MAN,
THE SAILOR OF MY DREAMS!

*(At the end of the song, a vision of DICK appears from behind the
Curtain above RUBY's head.)*

BLACKOUT

DAMES AT SEA
ACT ONE

ACT I

SCENE 2

RUBY *is still tapping*; HENNESEY *crosses over with tin of aspirin.*

HENNESEY. (*Stopping.*) That's wrong, Ruby, wrong, wrong, wrong. (*HENNESEY does dance step. RUBY does step.*) That's better. (*RUBY continues to tap. He exits and returns gulping water from paper cup.*) No, no, it's shuffle step, shuffle step, step, step brush, *hop* step.

RUBY. (*As she does the step.*) Shuffle step, shuffle step, step, step brush, *hop* step.

HENNESEY. (*Exasperated.*) Thank you very much. (*He exits.*)

(JOAN and LUCKY *enter.*)

JOAN. (*Seeing RUBY.*) Hey! Tappy-toes! You'll wreck the parquetry—

(RUBY *stops tapping.*)

LUCKY. (*Holding up paper bag.*) Pheasant under glass, anyone?

(RUBY *crosses to get food.*)

JOAN. With sauerkraut or mustard?

HENNESEY. (*Enters and blows his top.*) What is this? A dress rehearsal or a Roman banquet!

(HENNESEY *shoves them off the Stage one at a time.*)

LUCKY. (*Last in line.*) But I'm not even in the show!

HENNESEY. (*Offstage when ALL have exited.*) All right 5, 6, 7,
8 . . .

(*Offstage TAPPING. MONA and DICK enter and MONA orders DICK to set piano and stool. She crosses Left.*)

MONA. Stop . . . stop . . . stop! (*TAPPING stops.*) Quiet, please. Hennesey, come out here, I've an announcement to make. I've just discovered a new De Sylva, Henderson and Brown rolled into one—Dick! He's written something, and it's superb. And it's going into the show. (*HENNESEY about to protest.*) Ah-ah-ah, Hennesey! It's it or me. Dick! Zing it to us!

(MONA, HENNESEY *exit.*)

DICK. (*At piano, shyly.*) Well, see, it's this sort of musical trag-

edy, inspired by this buddy of mine. (*Suddenly becomes professional, dramatic.*) It all begins in the squalid native quarter of downtown Singapore. A lost, heart-broken sailor plaintively calls for his missing sweetheart.

LUCKY. (*Offstage.*) Sue!

DICK. I can see it now—

LUCKY. (*Offstage.*) Sue!

DICK. —just as if it were happening on this very stage . . .

(*LUCKY appears in spot.*)

Lucky. Sue!

(*DICK begins singing, LUCKY takes over.*)

SONG: "SINGAPORE SUE"

DICK, LUCKY.

WHERE ARE YOU, MY ORIENTAL PEARL?
WHERE ARE YOU, MY LOVELY CHINA GIRL?
SINCE THE NIGHT YOU VANISHED IN THE MALAY
EVENING
THERE'S NO BEAUTY IN THIS LONELY WORLD.

SO SWEET AND SOFT AND GENTLE, MY FAVORITE
ORIENTAL,
THE NICEST GIRL ASHORE IS SINGAPORE SUE.
OF ALL THE CHINESE LASSES, THE ONLY ONE
THAT PASSES
WITH SUCH A PERFECT SCORE IS SINGAPORE SUE.

WHILE WALKING DOWN BY THE HARBOR I WAS
LOST AND SUNK
UNTIL SHE WINKED AND ASKED ME TO INSPECT
HER JUNK.
THOUGH IT WAS DAMP AND ROTTEN, I NEVER
HAVE FORGOTTEN
HER HAND IN MINE UPON THE PROW,
I STILL CAN FEEL ITS SOFTNESS NOW—
I ADORE SINGAPORE SUE!

DICK. Then Lucky learns to his horror that Singapore Sue has been shanghaied! She has been forced to become—a lotus blossom girl, in that notorious den of drugs, gambling and . . . Yes, Madame Sin-Sin's! (*GONG. Set PANELS open. An Oriental idol and Chinese lanterns appear. MADAME SIN-SIN enters.*) Aided by her lascivious henchman, Dung Wong, (*GONG. DUNG WONG enters.*) Madame Sin-Sin nightly lures unwary bluejackets to their untimely doom.

(*LUCKY enters. As before DICK begins singing, LUCKY takes over.*)

DICK, LUCKY.
WHERE IS MY SUE SO SWEET AND DEAR?
IN THE SMOKE OF THIS DEN, SHE'S FOREVER
LOST, I FEAR.

(SUE enters. SUE clutches a veil. SIN-SIN rips it off. She and DUNG WONG urge SUE forward.)

MADAME SIN-SIN and WONG. (*Sing.*)
IN EVERY TOWN AND VALLEY, FROM PEKING
DOWN TO BALI,
THE BOYS GO SIMPLY NUTS FOR SINGAPORE SUE.
LUCKY. (*Spoken.*) Oh, no!
I NEVER WILL AGAIN FIND CONTENTMENT WHEN
SHE'S NEAR,
THERE ARE TOO MANY MEN WHO HAVE MADE
HER INSINCERE.

MADAME SIN-SIN and WONG.
SHE CAUSES LOTS OF SCANDAL WHEN SHE
REMOVES HER SANDAL
FOR MEN GALORE WHO GO FOR SINGAPORE SUE.

SUE. (*In front of idol.*)
I FIND IT EASY AS PIE TO CAPTURE ANY MAN
I DO IT WITH A GESTURE OF MY DAINTY FAN.

MADAME SIN-SIN and WONG.
JUST FOLLOW HER, SHE'LL SHOW YOU
A PARADISE, I KNOW YOU
WILL FIND THAT SUE WILL SATISFY,
SO MUCH THAT 'TIL THE DAY YOU DIE
YOU'LL ADORE SINGAPORE SUE,
YOU'LL ADORE SINGAPORE SUE.

LUCKY.
WHERE DID MY LOVE-LIFE DISAPPEAR?
IN THIS BLACK HOLE OF SIN, IT IS MORE THAN
CRYSTAL CLEAR
THE SUE I WANTED FOR MY BRIDE IS NOT HERE,
THE SUE I WANTED FOR MY BRIDE IS NOT HERE.

DICK. But Sue can't go through with it. Her love for Lucky
too strong.

(MADAME SIN-SIN, angered by SUE's disloyalty, pushes her in
the arms of the idol which strangles her. MADAME SIN-SIN
and DUNG WONG exit. LUCKY takes SUE in his arms.)

LUCKY. (*Sings.*)
I'LL SHOW YOU ALL ST. LOUIS, AND YOU CAN FIX
CHOP SUEY—
(SUE dies.)

OH NO! THIS DREAM IS NEVERMORE,
SINCE ANGELS HIGH ON HEAVEN'S SHORE
NOW ADORE SINGAPORE SUE.
(LUCKY sobs and exits with SUE.)

(GONG.)

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

Backstage. RUBY enters.

RUBY. Oh, Dick! It was keen! Dearest, when I'm a famous star and you're a famous writer, would you write a musical show for me?

DICK. Any time!

(Loud NOISE Offstage. RUBY throws herself into DICK's arms.)

RUBY. What was that?

DICK. (Reassuring her.) Oh, nothing, just a car backfiring. (LUCKY enters.) What was that, Lucky?

LUCKY. I don't know, but there's a bulldozer in the lobby and it's heading for the orchestra. (Another loud NOISE.) Golly gee willickers!

DICK. Don't worry, Ruby, I'm here! What's going on, Lucky?

LUCKY. I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

(He starts to leave as HENNESEY enters.)

HENNESEY. Peaches is four months pregnant, Eagle-nosed Eddie wants to put his moll in the finale, the sequins in the Bird of Paradise number are moulting—and now this!

(Another CRASH is heard. MONA enters.)

MONA. Mon dieu! Really, Hennesey, how do you expect me to remember my lines with all this racket going on?

HENNESEY. Miss Kent—Mona, kids. There's something I gotta tell you—

(General Ad-Lib: "What's up?" etc.)

MONA. Well, what is it?

(ALL *sit, kneel, etc. except* MONA and HENNESEY.)

HENNESEY. You know the work I've put into this show? The days and nights of rehearsing a routine over and over until we dropped—and then throwing it out because it was lousy! Lousy! So far "Dames At Sea" has cost me my bank balance, my health, and now my wife! (*Ad-Libs.*) She said "Choose, Harry, it's either *it* or me!" Now what choice does any real trouper have? It was far different when we lived at the Ritz and Variety headlined "Hundredth Hit for Harry Hennesey!" Yeah! But that was before Lady Luck handed me twelve floperoo in a row. An even dozen! With "Dames" I was gonna make my big comeback. But when the Shylocks screamed for their pound of gelt, the well was dry. They sold the theatre right out from under my heart. (*Loud NOISE.*) You hear that? Some call it progress—but it's really Harry Hennesey's Swan Song. It's the W.P.A., kids, they're tearing down the theatre.

(*More Ad Libs: "Oh no! You don't mean it!"*)

MONA. (*Furious.*) Why wasn't I told?

HENNESEY. They're turning it into a roller rink.

JOAN. A roller rink!

MONA. That means the show can't open.

JOAN. But it's opening night!

LUCKY. And you gotta open on opening night.

RUBY. And it's my big break on Broadway.

MONA. (*Taking to RUBY—menacing.*) Ohhh?

LUCKY. Oh, by the way, Miss Kent, did you know that they spelled your name wrong on the marquee?

MONA. *What!*

(*Crosses to HENNESEY, slaps him. He is knocked to his knees.*)

LUCKY. They switched the A and the N . . . *Moan* Kent!

(*MONA stalks Offstage and returns with a ladder which she drags back across Stage and off.*)

HENNESEY. That does it. Joan, post the closing notice? I haven't the strength.

ALL. Oh, no!

RUBY. You mean—you mean—?

HENNESEY. Yeah, kid! Utah!

RUBY. Oh, no!

(*She swoons. DICK catches her.*)

DICK. Straighten up, Ruby, straighten up! You're not going to Utah. Nobody's going anywhere. We're all staying right here until we lick this thing. You're all right now, aren't you?

RUBY. I am now. Thanks to you, Dick.

DICK. What's all the commotion about? We still got the scenery, don't we?

HENNESEY. Yeah.

DICK. And the costumes?

HENNESEY. Yeah.

DICK. Then we still got a fighting chance, don't we? Well, don't we?

(No one reacts but RUBY.)

RUBY. Yes, Dick!

DICK. All we need is a theatre.

HENNESEY. Yeah! Just try and find one.

JOAN. Got twenty-five G's on you?

RUBY. Listen to Dick, everyone, even if it is hopeless. Dick, what are we going to do?

DICK. Let me put all my cards on the table: I don't know. But I'm working on it.

RUBY. Don't be downhearted, Mr. Hennesey, Dick will find a way.

JOAN. Yeah, buck up! So it's your thirteenth turkey! So what? It's my one hundred and tenth!

HENNESEY. I got a cold.

JOAN. Cut the malarkey.

HENNESEY. I got a headache.

JOAN. Tell it to the marines.

HENNESEY. I got the grippe.

JOAN. Baloney!

LUCKY. He does look a bit green around the gills. What does he have?

RUBY and DICK. Yeah? *(MUSICAL INTRO.)* What does he have?

SONG: "GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY"

JOAN.

IT'S NOT THAT HE'S HIT THE SLUMPS—

DICK. No?

JOAN.

OR FALLEN INTO THE DUMPS—

RUBY. No?

DICK.

DOES HE HAVE THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES

RUBY.
OR THE JITTERS

LUCKY.
OR THE DOOMS?

JOAN. No, but you're warm.
DICK and RUDY. What does he have?

JOAN.
THE GLOOMS!

ALL FOUR. The glooms?

JOAN. Yeah, and they're very common today.
THERE'S THE EMPTY-POCKET GLOOMS,
THE EMPTY CUPBOARD GLOOMS,
THE STRIKELINE GLOOMS,
THE DOMESTIC GLOOMS,
THE FOREIGN GLOOMS,
THE MEN, WOMEN
AND LITTLE CHILDREN GLOOMS—

HENNESEY. Stop!

JOAN.
I KNOW HOW TO MAKE THEM DISAPPEAR!
RUBY. How?

JOAN.
IT'S MY OWN IDEA, A NEW PANACEA—
SWEEP YOUR GLOOMS AWAY WITH A SONG!

ALL FOUR. A song?

JOAN. Yeah, like this! (*Long Mermanesque note.*)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

LOOK DOWN ON US, ST. PETER,
FROM YOUR GOLDEN THRONE IN THE SKY,
AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

LISTEN TO US, ST. PETER,
WE'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER—

You gotta have faith, kids

Boys.

NO, WE'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER
Believe! Believe!

Girls.

NO, WE'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER—

ALL.

SAY DIE!

JOAN.

GO LOOK FOR THE GOLD MINE THAT COMES WITH
THE SUNSHINE

WITH DIAMONDS STRUNG UP ON EACH DAY,
DISCOVER A TREASURE EACH DAY OF THE YEAR,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

ESCAPE FROM THOSE DOLDRUMS AND BEAT ON
THOSE BOLD DRUMS,
WE'RE HERE IN THE FRACAS TO STAY,
PLUNGE INTO THE BATTLE,
I'LL HAND YOU A SPEAR,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

NO NEED TO BE TEARFUL, OUR LEADERS ARE
CHEERFUL,
ABOUT THE GREAT FUTURE WE'VE GOT.
EACH MEAL WILL BE CLASSY FOR EACH LAD AND
LASSY
WITH A CHICKEN IN EVERY POT.

WHY FUSS ABOUT MONEY WHEN OUTSIDE IT'S
SUNNY
AND KIDDIES ARE SINGING AT PLAY?
JUST TOSS THEM SOME COINS AS YOU SHOUT
"SANTA'S HERE!"
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

(General Ad-Libs. ALL are cheered up except HENNESEY. JOAN crosses to him.)

JUST WAIT 'TIL THE RAIN GOES TO FOLLOW THE
RAINBOWS,
CLIMB OUT OF THAT WET, MUDDY CLAY,
YOU'LL FIND OUT THAT LIVING'S A THING OF
GOOD CHEER
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

WHEN DOUBTS OF TOMORROW BRING WORRY AND
SORROW
THAT HAUNT YOU WHEN YOU HIT THE HAY,
IMAGINE A PIXIE WHO SAYS IN YOUR EAR
RUBY. Every day in every way you're getting better and better.
ALL.
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

DON'T SPUTTER WITH CURSES WHEN HITTING
REVERSES
AND GETTING THAT BIG CUT IN PAY,
JOAN.
STOP ACTING THE MOURNER, GET OUT OF THAT
CORNER
AND SMILE THE AMERICAN WAY.
ALL.
HOORAY!

WHEN YOU HEAR THE THUNDER DON'T CRY AND
GO UNDER,
IT'S JUPITER HAVING HIS DAY.
JUST HOLLER UP TO HIM, YELL IN HIS EAR, SING
OUT THE BLUES TODAY,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!
GOOD TIMES, FROM NOW ON, ARE HERE TO STAY—
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

(Ad-Libs after "GOOD TIMES," as ALL crowd around JOAN.)

DICK. *(Suddenly inspired.)* I got it! Yeah! I'm sure of it.
What's the name of this show?

HENNESEY and JOAN. "Dames at Sea."

MONA. *(Entering and crossing with ladder.)* Mona Kent in
"Dames at Sea."

DICK. But what's the show about?

HENNESEY. Dames!

DICK. But where?

ALL. At sea!

DICK. Well?

LUCKY. You mean—?

DICK. Why not?

LUCKY. On the battleship? Are you *crazy*? What would the
Captain say?

MONA. *(Kidding.)* Which Captain? Bligh? Hornblower?
Captain Courageous?

BOTH. Yeah!

DICK. That's our skipper!

MONA. You don't mean "Kewpie-Doll" Courageous is your
commander? Well! Just leave him to me!

(Ad-Libs.)

LUCKY. Now we got the greatest producer in the world.

RUBY. Who?

LUCKY. Uncle Sam!

RUBY. You mean—you mean—?

DICK. Yes, Ruby! The show's opening tonight, on schedule!

RUBY. Oh, Dick, I knew you could do it.

HENNESEY. But that means we got to move seven tons of
costumes and scenery.

RUBY. I'll help you, Mr. Hennesey.

MONA. Oh, Dick, I guess I'll need an escort through the Navy
Yard.

JOAN. Just follow the fleet.

HENNESEY. Wait, Mona, are you sure you can swing it?

MONA. Listen—when it comes to Naval affairs, I've been compared to John Paul Jones. (*Sings.*)

JUST WAIT 'TIL THE RAIN GOES TO FOLLOW THE
RAINBOWS,
CLIMB OUT OF THAT WET, MUDDY CLAY,
YOU'LL FIND OUT THAT LIVING'S A THING OF
GOOD CHEER,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

RUBY.
WHY FUSS ABOUT MONEY WHEN OUTSIDE IT'S
SUNNY
AND KIDDIES ARE SINGING AT PLAY?

DICK.
JUST TOSS THEM SOME COINS AS YOU SHOUT
"SANTA'S HERE!"
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

JOAN.
DON'T SPUTTER WITH CURSES WHEN HITTING
REVERSES
AND GETTING THAT BIG CUT IN PAY,
STOP ACTING THE MOURNER, GET OUT OF THAT
CORNER
AND SMILE THE AMERICAN WAY.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE THUNDER DON'T CRY AND
GO UNDER,
IT'S JUPITER HAVING HIS DAY.
JUST HOLLER UP TO HIM, YELL IN HIS EAR
"SANTA IS HERE!"
GIVE A BIG CHEER,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!
SAY, HAND ME A SPEAR
THE MILLENNIUM'S NEAR,
GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!
HEY!

HENNESEY. "The only thing to fear is fear itself."

(*Loud EXPLOSION Offstage.*)

ALL.
TODAY!
FOR GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO—

(*The SCENERY shakes.*)

GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO—

(*Loud NOISES.*)

GOOD TIMES ARE HERE TO STAY!

(HENNESEY *hands props to* CAST MEMBERS *who pass them down.*
BRICKS fall.)

HENNESEY. Clear, clear!!

(*As the CURTAIN closes the CAST runs off the Stage down the
aisle of the theatre.*)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

On board the battleship. DICK and LUCKY are swabbing the deck with mops and pails.

DICK.
I'M CRAZY ABOUT THE NAVY—

LUCKY.
I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT, TOO—

BOTH.
WE'RE IN THE PAY OF THE U.S.A.
DOING DUTIES WE'RE PROUD TO DO.

DICK. (*Seeing CAPTAIN as he enters.*) Oh, Captain! Captain!

CAPTAIN. What is it, sailor?

DICK. We have a complaint, sir.

LUCKY. Yeah.

CAPTAIN. Oh?

BOTH.
WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT THE NAVY—

CAPTAIN.
I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT TOO.

BOTH.
FROM STERN TO BOW OUR SHIP'S A WOW—

CAPTAIN.
I FULLY AGREE WITH YOU.

BOTH.
BUT SIR, THE NIGHTS ARE SO LONELY
AS OUR BATTLESHIP SAILS THROUGH THE DEEP,
IN OUR HAMMOCKS WE LIE THINKING "IF ONLY
THERE WERE GIRLS TO SING US TO SLEEP."

CAPTAIN. *What?*

BOTH.
WE GOT A FLOCK OF CUTIES IN EVERY PORT,
AN OVERFLOW OF BEAUTIES, WE'RE NEVER SHORT
OF WOMEN YOUNG AND OLD. WE KNOW EVERY
SORT
BUT DAMES AT SEA.

DICK.
THAT TIME A SCOTCH LASS WINKED, I STUMBLED
AND FELL—

LUCKY.
MY SWEETIE IN PAREE'S A SWELL OF A BELLE—

BOTH.

BUT WHEN THE OCEAN'S RAGING WE MISS LIKE
HELL
THOSE DAMES AT SEA!

DICK.

IN THE ATLANTIC WE GET SO FRANTIC

BOTH.

FOR GIRLS WE LEFT ON THE SHORE—

LUCKY.

IN THE ADRIATIC WHEN THINGS GET STATIC

DICK.

WE'D LOVE TO HAVE A MATEY
WITH A NAME LIKE SAL OR SADIE—

LUCKY.

HE'S A NICE GUY, DICK, HE'S REALLY A PAL—

DICK.

AND LUCKY'S MY BEST FRIEND BUT HE AIN'T
NO GAL.

BOTH.

WE NEED SOME FRILLY SKIRTS TO BOOST OUR
MORALE,
SOME DAMES AT SEA!

ALL.

WITH GREAT ELATION WE SERVE OUR NATION,
THIS NAVY LIFE WOULD BE GRAND,
WITH SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUSCIOUS, LOVELY
DAMES AT SEA!

*(The THREE GIRLS, dressed as Sailorettes, appear like a vision
over the Boys' heads.)*

RUBY.

I LIKE A SAILOR BOY, A SEAMAN
WHO IS THOUGHTFUL AND SWEET.

JOAN.

GIVE ME A BOSUN'S MATE,
A GOB TO SWEEP ME RIGHT OFF MY FEET.

MONA.

YOU TAKE THE BOYS, MY DEAR,
I'LL TAKE THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE FLEET.

GIRLS.

WE'RE DAMES AT SEA!

RUBY.

I'LL MEND HIS HAMMOCK,
PRESS HIS JUMPER, BAKE A PIE FOR HIS MESS.

MONA.

I'LL HELP HIM LOAD HIS AMMUNITION
WHEN HIS SHIP'S IN DISTRESS.

JOAN.
I'LL HELP HIM SEMAPHORE
UNTIL HE SIGNALS S-O-S.

GIRLS.
WE'RE DAMES AT SEA.
WITH OUR DEVOTION THEY'D SAIL THE OCEAN
AND STRIVE FOR OUR UNCLE SAM!

(GIRLS *disappear.*)

BOYS.
THOUGH WE'RE FAR FROM WEALTHY,
WE'RE STRONG AND HEALTHY,
THE ONLY THING WE'RE MISSING
IS SOME PETTING
AND SOME KISSING.

LUCKY.
THOUGH THE GALS GO GAGA FOR US IN GREECE

DICK.
AND MAD'MOISELLES GO CRAZY WHEN WE HIT
NICE—

LUCKY.
WE'D FIGHT ANOTHER WAR

DICK.
FOR FREEDOM AND PEACE

BOTH.
AND DAMES AT SEA!

ALL.
WITH FIRM DECISION AND STEADY VISION
WE CARRY ON FOR OUR LAND.

LUCKY.
ALL WE WANT IS BABIES ON OUR KNEE.

DICK.
WE CAN KISS AND CUDDLE CONSTANTLY,

ALL.
JUST SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUSCIOUS, LOVELY DAMES
AT SEA—

CAPTAIN.
DAMES AT SEA!

ALL.
JUST SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUSCIOUS, LOVELY DAMES
JUST SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUSCIOUS, LOVELY DAMES
JUST SOME BEAUTIFUL, LUSCIOUS, LOVELY DAMES
AT SEA!

CAPTAIN. (*Coming back to reality.*) No dames! Haven't you
boys read Section II, Paragraph A of the Seaman's Manual?

LUCKY. Not recently, sir.

CAPTAIN. It says "No dames." I mean "No ladies" at sea.

DICK. (*Calling to MONA Offstage.*) Miss Mona Kent, sir!

CAPTAIN. Not *the* Mona Kent? The one who's opening tonight at the Hippodrome?

(Boys *tiptoe out.*)

MONA. (*Entering.*) Correct. Except that we're not opening at the Hippodrome, Captain, we're opening right here! This is perfection! Now, while I descend on my moon from that gun-turret, the chorus girls will slide down the yard-arm—

CAPTAIN. Impossible!

MONA. Impossible? Kewpie-Doll?

CAPTAIN. Thundering torpedo-tubes! It's Consuelo!

MONA. Si si, Kewpie-Doll. Remember the night we met?

CAPTAIN. You were the waitress who served me chili con carne!

MONA. And you were the sailor who broke my heart . . .
Listen . . .

(MARACAS are heard. The SKY switches from blue to a tempestuous orange.)

SONG: "THE BEGUINE"

MONA.

THE BEGUINE, I HEAR THE BEGUINE,
DEEP IN MY HEART IT'S BEATING A WILD TATTOO,
THE BEGUINE, THAT FATAL BEGUINE,
RECALLING TROPICAL GLOOM, ORCHIDS IN BLOOM,
PUNGENT PERFUME—AND YOU!

DO YOU REMEMBER PENSACOLA?
SULTRY DESIRE, PASSIONS ON FIRE UNDER THE
MOON.

THOSE NIGHTS OF SPLENDOR IN PENSACOLA,
LOST IN YOUR ARMS
UNDER THE PALMS
NEAR THE LAGOON.

YOU WERE SO TENDER IN PENSACOLA
WHILE GUITARS PLAYED A HAUNTING, TAUNTING
TUNE.

I SURRENDERED IN PENSACOLA.
WAS I MAD, WAS I WRONG?
TO BE GLAD YOU WERE STRONG?
NO, I LONG FOR PENSACOLA AGAIN!

CAPTAIN.

THE BEGUINE, I HEAR THE BEGUINE,
DEEP IN MY HEART IT'S BEATING A WILD TATTOO,
THE BEGUINE, THAT FATAL BEGUINE,
RECALLING TROPICAL GLOOM, ORCHIDS IN BLOOM,
PUNGENT PERFUME—AND YOU!

YES, I REMEMBER PENSACOLA,
SULTRY DESIRE, PASSIONS ON FIRE UNDER THE
MOON.

BOTH.

THOSE NIGHTS OF SPLENDOR IN PENSACOLA,
LOST IN YOUR ARMS,
UNDER THE PALMS,
NEAR THE LAGOON.

MONA.

YOU WERE SO TENDER

BOTH.

IN PENSACOLA—

CAPTAIN.

WHILE GUITARS PLAYED A HAUNTING, TAUNTING
TUNE

MONA.

I SURRENDERED

CAPTAIN.

IN PENSACOLA—

MONA.

WAS I MAD?

CAPTAIN.

WERE YOU WRONG
TO BE GLAD I WAS STRONG?

MONA.

NO!

BOTH.

HOW WE LONG FOR PENSACOLA AGAIN!

MONA. Do we get zee ship?

CAPTAIN. Si, si.

MONA. Nice little yacht you got here, Kewpie-Doll. It must
have cost you a pretty penny.

CAPTAIN. Oh, didn't you hear? We Courageouses are doing very
well these days. Mother just bought Sears-Roebuck.

MONA. (*Massive take.*) OH?

CAPTAIN. Yes, she traded Montgomery Ward for it.

MONA. So I guess your scrambled eggs are from Cartier?

CAPTAIN. No, Tiffany.

MONA. Ah, la mer! (*She looks at sea, turns green, staggers.*
CAPTAIN catches her.) Oh, la mer. Remember how I even got

queasy in the tunnel of love? Could you get me a bicarbonate of soda?

CAPTAIN. Your wish, dear, is my command.

MONA. (*To CAPTAIN, as she sees DICK enter.*) With a bromo chaser? (*CAPTAIN exits and MONA crosses to DICK.*) Oh, Dick, I have great news for you.

DICK. You have?

MONA. As I'm simply gaga about your marvelous melodies, I told Hennesey to get rid of all the trashy numbers and put yours in instead.

DICK. Really? Does that mean I'll have my name up in lights?

MONA. You are eager, aren't you? You know, Dick, I adore that "Tar Star" number especially. Just wait 'til you see me in my star-spangled bell-bottoms.

DICK. Gee, Miss Kent, you've made this the happiest day of my life!

MONA. Good! Now let's see what I can do for your nights. (*She suddenly gives him a deep, passionate kiss. RUBY enters, sees them, rushes off, horror-struck. The CAPTAIN enters with drink, humming "THE BEGUINE." DICK hears CAPTAIN, leaps up to salute. MONA drinks bicarbonate neat.*) Delicious! Oh, Kewpie-Doll, this is Dick! Oh dear, I guess you've met already, *n'est ce pas?* Don't you work together or something like that?

CAPTAIN. (*Seething.*) Something like that.

DICK. Uhh—I better see about—uhh—swabbing down the hatches!

MONA. Not yet, dear. Kewpie-Doll, did you have any idea that between the fore and aft of this oversized tin bucket of yours, you've been harboring a musical virtuoso?

CAPTAIN. You don't say!

MONA. But I do! Dick here just reeks with talent! *Reeks* with it! He's a regular Broadway Beethoven—only much more attractive.

CAPTAIN. Indeed! Tell me, Ludwig, what sonata was that you were playing on her keyboard just now?

MONA. Now, Kewpie-Doll, it was only an arpeggio. Dick and I were hard at work, weren't we, Dick? I was auditioning him for my big love scene in the second act.

CAPTAIN. How was he?

MONA. Promising. Very promising. But not half as much as you are, Captain, darling. Don't you know Mona Kent only allows a man of maturity and rank to steer her rudder? A man like yourself, Kewpie-Doll.

CAPTAIN. Really, Consuelo, really?

(*She offers her cheek to be kissed, which he does.*)

MONA. Tell me, darling, what arrangements have you made for my dressing room?

CAPTAIN. Will my cabin do?

MONA. Will you put a star on the door? A big, silver one?

CAPTAIN. No siree! A big gold one! This is the navy, my dear. *(He salutes.)*

(DICK grabs his chance, salutes and exits.)

MONA. *(Swaying again.)* Oh! This time I *am* dizzy!

CAPTAIN. Will you be able to perform?

MONA. Are you kidding?

(MONA and CAPTAIN exit. LUCKY enters, searching for JOAN.)

LUCKY. Joanie gorgeous, where are you? *(Seeing RUBY, who has just entered.)* Ruby, where's Joan? She's supposed to show me how to run the spotlight. *(RUBY is too sad to speak.)* Hey, what's wrong?

RUBY. *(Trying to be brave.)* Nothing, Lucky, nothing. But why has the sky turned dark so suddenly?

LUCKY. Whatcha talkin' about? It's light as day. Are you sure you're all right?

RUBY. Oh yes. A little spray got in my eye, that's all. Joan's in the engine-room.

LUCKY. *(He starts out.)* The engine room?

RUBY. Yes. Some sailors are showing her the works.

LUCKY. Oh? Oh! *(He exits furiously.)*

RUBY. Oh, Dick! Dick! How could you?

SONG: "RAINING IN MY HEART"

PITTER, PATTER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?
PITTER, PATTER, RAIN IS ALL THAT I SEE.

WHERE IS MY RAINCOAT? IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE.
WHY WEAR A RAINCOAT? THE WEATHER'S FAIR.
BUT EVER SINCE I SAW HIM DEPART
IT'S BEEN RAINING, RAINING IN MY HEART.

WHERE ARE MY RUBBERS TO FORD THE STORM?
WHAT GOOD ARE RUBBERS? OUTSIDE IT'S WARM,
BUT EVER SINCE HEAVEN FELL APART,
IT'S BEEN RAINING, RAINING IN MY HEART.

ONCE I SAW A COTTAGE ON SUNSHINE LANE,
A FAIRY PALACE IN DISGUISE,

I DON'T SEE IT NOW, IT MUST BE RAIN
THAT'S GETTING IN MY EYES.

WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA? AND WHERE'S MY GUY?
I NEED THAT FELLA TO KEEP ME DRY.
IT WON'T HELP IF THE SUNSHINE SHOULD START
(It begins to RAIN.)
'CAUSE IT'S RAINING IN MY HEART.

(The rest of the CAST enter in slickers, with cellophane umbrellas which they open and close and form patterns around her. RUBY is framed in a red, heart-shaped spot.)

CHORUS.

WHERE IS HER RAINCOAT? IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE.
WHO NEEDS A RAINCOAT? THE WEATHER'S FAIR,
BUT EVER SINCE I SAW HIM DEPART

RUBY.

IT'S BEEN RAINING, RAINING IN MY HEART.

CHORUS.

WHERE ARE HER RUBBERS TO FORD THE STORM?
WHAT GOOD ARE RUBBERS? OUTSIDE IT'S WARM,

RUBY.

BUT EVER SINCE HEAVEN FELL APART,
IT'S BEEN RAINING, RAINING IN MY HEART.

CAPTAIN.

ONCE SHE SAW A COTTAGE ON SUNSHINE LANE,
A FAIRY PALACE IN DISGUISE,

RUBY.

I DON'T SEE IT NOW, IT MUST BE RAIN
THAT'S GETTING IN MY EYES.

WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA? AND WHERE'S MY GUY?
I NEED THAT FELLA TO KEEP ME DRY.
IT WON'T HELP IF THE SUNSHINE SHOULD START
'CAUSE IT'S RAINING IN MY HEART.

(At end of song, RUBY alone on stage. DICK enters.)

DICK. *(Brightly.)* Ruby, I've been looking all over for you.
(Noticing her sadness.) What's the matter?

RUBY. *(Hiding her emotions.)* Please, Dick, if somewhere in
your heart you have an ounce of feeling—please— *(She turns away.)*

DICK. But why?

RUBY. You and Mona Kent—I saw.

DICK. What?

RUBY. Everything.

DICK. Ruby! All that was her idea, not mine. Mona Kent is a big star, a world-famous celebrity, a name in WHO'S WHO. But that's all. She's not the one I'm gonna marry. She's not the one I'm gonna take home to my folks. She's not my girl, Ruby. You are.

RUBY. Oh?

SONG: "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU"

DICK.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU,
YOU'RE LIKE THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU,
LIKE SONGS THE ANGELS WOULD SING,

A SKETCH BY EL GRECO,
THE BUBBLES IN VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE,
A SWISS MOUNTAIN ECHO,
AN ORCHID IN CELLOPHANE.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU,
THE HEAVENS ROLLED INTO ONE,
SO LIVING WITHOUT YOU
JUST WOULDN'T BE FUN.

DARLING, DON'T TELL ME I'M DREAMING.
WHY NOT JUST SAY YES AND AGREE
THAT SOMETHING ABOUT YOU
IS SOMETHING FOR ME.

(DICK slowly bends to kiss RUBY. At the last moment she breaks away and begins to climb the companionway. Half-way up she stops and sings.)

RUBY.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU,
THE HEAVENS ROLLED INTO ONE,
SO LIVING WITHOUT YOU
JUST WOULDN'T BE FUN—

(BOTH runs to her; in a movie closeup embrace, they BOTH sing.)

BOTH.

DARLING, DON'T TELL ME I'M DREAMING.
WHY NOT JUST SAY YES AND AGREE
THAT SOMETHING ABOUT YOU
IS SOMETHING FOR ME!

(*They kiss. JOAN rushes in.*)

JOAN. Lucky! Lucky!

LUCKY. (*He enters.*) What is it, baby?

JOAN. Something terrible's happened. Something awful!

LUCKY. What?

JOAN. The liberty boat just sunk.

LUCKY. It did?

JOAN. And all the chorus boys were on it!

LUCKY. So! You got 900 right here!

JOAN. But can they tap?

LUCKY. (*Earnestly.*) On this ship they can!

JOAN. Oh—thank goodness.

DICK. (*On steps, peering out to sea.*) Hey! Look at the crowds pouring out of the launches.

(*JOAN starts up steps.*)

LUCKY. The bridge is all sold out.

JOAN. And it's standing room only in the lifeboats.

DICK. Just look! All Broadway's out there!

LUCKY. Queen Marie of Rumania—and everybody!

DICK. Waiting to hear my songs.

(*They all hum "SOMETHING ABOUT YOU."*)

RUBY. (*Looking through spy-glass.*) Look who just arrived in the dinghy!

ALL. Who?

RUBY. Cole Porter. With that fat man. (*She hands spy-glass to JOAN.*)

JOAN. (*Looking.*) That's no fat man, Ruby, that's Elsa Maxwell.

LUCKY. Gee! I'm gonna get their autographs. (*Takes spy-glass, runs off.*)

CAPTAIN. (*He enters.*) Hey Paderoskee, Miss Kent wants the new aria for the Typewriter Ballet. Double-time, d'you hear? (*CAPTAIN exits.*)

DICK. (*Reaches into his middy.*) I got it right here— (*Sees it's gone.*) Oh—I gave it to Ruby—

RUBY. (*Taking the sheet music out of her bosom.*) Is this what you mean, Dick? (*She hands it to him.*)

DICK. (*With relief.*) Thank gosh! (*He examines manuscript, then sings as if to the absent MONA.*)

IT ISN'T JANE COWL OR ELEANOR POWELL,
IT'S YOU, IT'S YOU—

RUBY. (*Crushed.*) But Dick—that's *our* song.

DICK. Forgive me, Ruby, but I couldn't say no to Mona Kent.
(*Unseen by DICK, MONA has entered. She is playing tag with the CAPTAIN, wearing his cap. She smiles on hearing DICK's line; glares on the pay-off.*) It's like Fay Wray saying no to King Kong.

MONA. (*In a rage at seeing RUBY.*) What, may I ask, is she doing here?

DICK. Ruby's in the show, Miss Kent.

MONA. Not in my show, she isn't. Oh Kewpie-Doll! I need you!

JOAN. She's taking Glenda's place.

MONA. We'll see about that.

CAPTAIN. (*He enters at a run and he grabs MONA.*) Gotcha!
(*MONA shrugs him off.*) Yes, angel?

MONA. I want Little Miss Twinkletoes off this battleship immediately!

CAPTAIN. But Consuelo—

MONA. (*Handing the CAPTAIN his cap.*) You have your orders, Captain, follow them!

DICK. Have a heart, Miss Kent, this is Ruby's first show.

MONA. And her last!

JOAN. (*Having had enough of MONA's theatrics.*) You listen to me—Grace Topolovsky!

MONA. (*Stunned.*) What did you say?

JOAN. You heard me! If Ruby goes, so do I—

(*RUBY tries to restrain her.*)

MONA. That's the best thing I've heard all day.

JOAN. And the chorus girls and the orchestra.

MONA. (*Hysterical.*) Then go! All of you! Go!

JOAN. (*Easily.*) I can't wait for your bird number without a band to give you the beat.

(*This hits MONA where it counts.*)

DICK. (*Indicating RUBY.*) Give her a chance, Miss Kent. She's from Centerville.

MONA. Well— You're very persuasive, Dick. (*She affectionately puts her arm around him.*)

(*This stuns RUBY. She turns her back on everyone.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Heart-struck.*) Consuelo!

MONA. She can stay for the opening number—

LUCKY. Gee, Ruby, you can stay for the opening number!

MONA. But that's all! Oh Dick, my nerves are in shreds. Would you hum something?

JOAN. (*Aside.*) How 'bout Lohengrin's Funeral March?

MONA. *Our song! (Hums "IT'S YOU" and shoots RUBY a look of triumph.)*

(RUBY is shattered.)

CAPTAIN. *(To MONA, grabbing her arm.)* Angel! Don't desert me!

MONA. *(She angrily flings his hand off.)* Putting chains on me already? Mona Kent belongs to no one, do you hear? No one! *(She grabs DICK and pulls him off with her.)*

JOAN. Hey, Commodore, I got a great idea for the finale. Let's send Mona Kent out to sea—on a harpoon.

CAPTAIN. Consuelo, Consuelo— Oh, that gypsy heart! But courage, Courageous! A Broadway show on my ship! Won't that make the Admiral green?

JOAN. Shhh! *(She sees RUBY tragically standing at the side.)*

(RUBY sings.)

REPRISE: "RAINING IN MY HEART"

RUBY.

WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA? AND WHERE'S MY GUY?
I NEED THAT FELLA TO KEEP ME DRY.
IT WON'T HELP IF THE SUNSHINE SHOULD START
CAUSE IT'S RAINING IN MY HEART.

(RUBY breaks down and runs off, sobbing.)

JOAN. *(To CAPTAIN.)* Ya big lug! See what ya done? *(CAPTAIN exits, wiping his eye furtively.)* Psst, Lucky. I want you to help me try out a recipe for cooking a goose.

LUCKY. Whose?

JOAN. Grace Topolovsky's, that's whose. It's time that peacock laid an egg.

LUCKY. How?

JOAN. You got the hang of the spotlight?

LUCKY. Sure. Nothin' to it. Why?

(JOAN whispers in his ear.)

LUCKY. *(Roaring with laughter.)* With the spotlight?

JOAN. Get it?

LUCKY. Got it!

JOAN. Go! *(They split.)*

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE 2

Before Backstage Curtain. HENNESEY enters.

HENNESEY. Overture! (*To JOAN.*) Into your tu-tu. (*To DICK crossing.*) Hoist the moon. (*To LUCKY.*) Man the spotlight, swabbie. (*LUCKY out.*) Okay, places, everybody, places. (*Exits.*) Stand-by for curtain. Ready, Charlie? (*LIGHTS have dimmed to BLACKOUT.*) Curtain!

(*CURTAIN out. MONA posed above scenery mountain.*)

SONG: "THE ECHO WALTZ"

MONA.
THERE ONCE WAS A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN
WHO SAT ON A CLIFF BY THE MATTERHORN,
DREAMING OF THE BEAU WHO HAD LOVED HER SO
AND THE SONG THEY SANG WHEN HE HAD TO GO:

(*MONA descends. RUBY and JOAN on. ALL in pretty-pretty Ruritanian tu-tus.*)

GIRLS.
OOH-OOH-OOH
Boys. (*Off.*)
OOH-OOH-OOH

GIRLS.
IN THE MOONLIGHT LET'S DANCE TO
THE ECHO WALTZ.

I LOVE YOU!

Boys.
I LOVE YOU!

GIRLS.
WHILE WE CROON AND ROMANCE TO
THE ECHO WALTZ!

MONA.
THOUGH CRITICS MAY SAY THAT TO SWAY IS
PASSE, THAT
IT'S SYRUPY VIENNESE SCHMALTZ,
STILL I'LL BE TRUE, DEAR, TO WALTZING AND
YOU, DEAR,
THOUGH EACH OF YOU MAY HAVE YOUR FAULTS.

Boys.
FAULTS!

Girls.
I'LL BE TRUE

Boys.
I'LL BE TRUE

Girls.
WHILE WE SWOON IN A TRANCE TO THE
WHIRLING

Boys.
WHIRLING

Girls.
TWIRLING

Boys.
TWIRLING

All.
ECHO WALTZ!

(DANCE. Girls with flowered hoops during next section of lyrics.)

Boys.
OOH-OOH-OOH!

Girls.
OOH-OOH-OOH!

Boys.
WHILE WE'RE DANCING TOGETHER
THE ECHO WALTZ!

I LOVE YOU!
Girls.

I LOVE YOU!
Boys.

WHILE WE FLOAT
LIKE A FEATHER—

All.
THE ECHO WALTZ!

Joan.
LIKE LEAVES IN THE BREEZE
WE WILL DIP BY THE TREES,
FEELING LIGHT AS THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY,

Ruby.
BUT JUST LIKE THOSE LEAVES
AND THOSE TREES AND THE BREEZE,
OUR ROMANCE AND OUR WALTZING MUST DIE.
Joan.
DIE!

(This is her signal to LUCKY. The SPOTLIGHT "nods" in reply. When GIRLS exit after first "TOODLE-OO," the Spot sways back and forth, making MONA seasick.)

GIRLS.
TOODLE-OO!

BOYS.
TOODLE-OO!

MONA.
I MUST LEAVE YOU FOREVER,
AND THE LILTING

BOYS.
LILTING

MONA.
WILTING
(She is turning green now.)

BOYS.
WILTING

MONA.
ECHO WALTZ!
(MONA clutches her stomach and rushes off.)

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE 3

Backstage Curtain in. LUCKY and DICK cross.

LUCKY. Hey, Dick! What's the next number?

DICK. Don't bother me. I'm writing it.

LUCKY. Great, what is it?

DICK. It's the Champagne Lullaby. The girls are going to be poured through the portholes in real bubbles.

LUCKY. Wow!

JOAN. *(She rushes on.)* Something terrible's happened. Something awful. It really is this time.

HENNESEY. *(He enters.)* What's wrong with Kent?

JOAN. Flat on her back. She can't finish the show.

LUCKY. But she has to. She's the star.

HENNESEY. What's the matter with her?

JOAN. She's seasick. *(Punches LUCKY with elbow.)*

LUCKY. The spotlight. Oh! *(Looks at DICK, pretends misery.)*

Oh!

DICK. But she *must* go on. I thought Mona Kent was a trouper.

JOAN. She may be a trouper, but she sure ain't a sailor.
HENNESEY. Well—breadline, here I come.

(RUBY enters, dressed as she was for her first entrance. ALL but HENNESEY look at her: the solution.)

RUBY. Excuse me. Could you tell me when the next boat leaves for the bus station?

JOAN. Ruby. Wait. Kent can't go on.

(ALL look from RUBY to HENNESEY.)

HENNESEY. (*Getting it.*) What?? Her?

JOAN. (*Crosses to HENNESEY.*) Who else? She's the only one who can do it.

RUBY. I'm sorry, but I was told to leave directly after the—

DICK. Ruby, think of me. As a favor.

RUBY. Not if you were the last man on earth.

DICK. Then *don't* think of me. Think of Joan, Hennesey, Lucky, Madame Melba, Uncle Gus. Ruby, think of the show.

(*This hits RUBY.*)

HENNESEY. It's a chance in a million—but it just might work. Kid, you gotta bail us out. You're our last hope.

RUBY. (*Crosses to Center.*) But I don't know the music, I haven't heard the numbers, no one has shown me the routines . . .

HENNESEY. *But can you do it?*

RUBY. I'll try.

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE 4

LIGHTS come up on Backstage Curtain. RUBY [*in wrapper*] is tapping, on the verge of collapse. HENNESEY is smoking a cigarette, pacing up and down. Sounds of the SHOW in progress Offstage.

HENNESEY. Again. (*RUBY tries again and stops.*) Again.

RUBY. I can't; I can't.

HENNESEY. I know you can't. (*Shakes her shoulders.*) You know you can't. But you will, Ruby. You will.

LUCKY. (*He enters.*) Five minutes, Ruby. (*To HENNESEY.*) Mr.

Hennesey! No one can stop the bubble machine. (HENNESEY rushes out. LUCKY looks at watch.) Five minutes. (LUCKY out.)

DICK. (He enters.) Darling!

RUBY. (Without looking at him.) I'm very busy, Dick.

DICK. These are yours. (She doesn't answer.) They're good luck telegrams from all over the world. Here's one from Gertie Lawrence. Maurice Chevalier. Al Jolson.

RUBY. Richard!

DICK. Ruby, all I want to say is, if you forget your lines, and miss your cues and fall flat on your face, just remember I'll be standing in the wings, waiting to take you in my arms, no matter what happens, no matter what! Good luck, darling. Give 'em heck! (He clips her affectionately on jaw, practically dislocating it; exits.)

LUCKY. (Rushing across.) Ruby, they changed the flag to stage right. (Exits.)

(JOAN enters.)

RUBY. Oh, Joan, I'm frightened.

(They BOTH hug.)

JOAN. Oh, Ruby, it's only natural. Your first time on a stage with the critics out there ready to tear you to bits. I'd be scared stiff!

RUBY. (Petrified.) Oh, Joan, I can't go out there, I can't!

JOAN. (Seizing RUBY by shoulders.) Listen, Ruby, you're going out on that poopdeck a chorus girl but you're coming back a star!

LUCKY. (He crosses over with gloves.) Ruby, your gloves! (Hands them to her and exits.)

JOAN. Ruby— (Clinch.) Break a leg! (JOAN socks RUBY encouragingly on arm, bruising it quite badly; exits.)

(MONA, looking deathly ill, enters with the CAPTAIN, whose robe she is wearing. She stands behind RUBY for a moment and sadly observes her.)

MONA. Ruby—

RUBY. (Turning around.) Miss Kent! What are you doing out of bed?

MONA. (Softly and dramatically.) I just wanted to tell you—

LUCKY. (Crossing over again.) Ruby, your hat! (Hands it to her and exits.)

RUBY. (Putting on hat and gloves.) Captain! Why have you let her out of Sick Bay?

CAPTAIN. She insisted, the brave soul, she insisted.

MONA. (*Desperately.*) Ruby, Ruby—

LUCKY. (*Racing across Stage and off.*) Places! Places!

CAPTAIN. Now, darling. Remember what the doctor said. You're weak—

(*With a sudden burst of energy MONA gives him a push which sends him staggering back. She faces RUBY.*)

MONA. Ruby, I want you to be so darn good, I'll hate you for the rest of my life. (*She pinches RUBY's cheek kindly, and painfully.*)

LUCKY. (*Offstage.*) YOU'RE ON, RUBY. YOU'RE ON!

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

SCENE 5

MUSIC intro to number. Backstage CURTAIN out. Show TRAVELLER in. SPOT picks up RUBY's entrance. She is dressed in her Star Tar costume, and is radiantly confident.

SONG: "THE TAR STAR"

RUBY.

I'M THE STAR TAR OF THE NAVY,
I'M THE HIT MISS OF THE SEA,
WHEN THE OCEAN'S GETTING WAVY,
LEAVE THOSE HANDSOME SAILORS TO ME.

I'M THE SWELL SWAB ON THE POOP DECK,
I'M THE SHIPSHAPE SHIPMATE IN THE HOLD,
I'M THE TAR STAR,
I'M THE STAR TAR,
OF THE NAVY BLUE AND GOLD! (HEAVE HO!)

I'M THE TOP GOB IN THE CROW'S NEST,
I'M THE BIG BELL SAILORS LOVE TO RING,
IN THE FOC'SLE I GET NO REST,
IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN I'M THE THING,
I'M THE SWEET SALT OF THE MESSHALL,
I'M A TRUE BLUE JACKET TO BEHOLD,
I'M THE STAR TAR,
I'M THE TAR STAR,
OF THE NAVY BLUE AND GOLD!

DANCE WITHOUT VOCAL

(Show Curtain out. She is joined by FULL CAST, ALL in sailor outfits. During dance two Upstage PANELS backed by mirrors revolve and stop at an angle to one another that creates multiple images of the onstage CAST.)

CHORUS.

NAVY BLUE AND GOLD!
SHE'S THE STAR TAR OF THE NAVY,
SHE'S THE HIT MISS OF THE SEA,
WHEN THE OCEAN'S GETTING WAVY,
WHAT A PRETTY SAILOR SHE'LL BE!

SHE'S THE SWELL SWAB ON THE POOP DECK,
SHE'S THE SHIPSHAPE SHIPMATE IN THE HOLD,
SHE'S THE STAR TAR,
SHE'S THE TAR STAR,
OF THE NAVY BLUE AND GOLD! (HEAVE HO!
HEAVE HO!)

RUBY.

I'M THE TOP GOB IN THE CROW'S NEST,
I'M THE BIG BELL SAILORS LOVE TO RING,
IN THE FOC'SLE I GET NO REST,
IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN I'M THE THING.

I'M THE SWEET SALT OF THE MESSHALL,
I'M A TRUE BLUEJACKET TO BEHOLD, (OH, SAY
CAN YOU SEE?)
NAVY BLUE AND GOLD!

CHORUS.

SHE'S THE STAR TAR,
SHE'S THE TAR STAR,
OF THE NAVY BLUE AND GOLD,
BLUE AND GOLD!

BLACKOUT

(Show TRAVELLER in. RUBY, in spot, takes two bows. On second bow, LUCKY in from Left, presents her with bouquet. LUCKY exits. RUBY peeks through Traveller for final wave to audience. SPOT out. TRAVELLER out, revealing Reverse TRAVELLER. RUBY is still waving Upstage, back to us. Deafening APPLAUSE [FX] continues under following. JOAN enters speechless.)

RUBY. (*With great insecurity.*) How was I, Joan?

JOAN. (*Overwhelmed.*) Gee, Ruby, you were . . . *swell!*

RUBY. Thanks to Mr. Hennesey. Where is he, Joan?

JOAN. He joined the navy. (*Indicating RUBY's costume.*) You did it!

DICK. (*Rushing on.*) Ruby, listen to that applause! All Broadway is at your feet.

(RUBY, *still hurt*, turns away. LUCKY rushes in.)

LUCKY. Ruby! You're the moon! Did you hear the news? The Captain's agreed to rename this tub the U.S.S. Mona!

(CAPTAIN enters with a huge bouquet which he presents to RUBY.)

CAPTAIN. Ruby, these are for you.

RUBY. Oh, thank you, Captain! Thank you!

CAPTAIN. But they're not from me, my dear. They're from—a fan! A big fan!

RUBY. Who?

CAPTAIN. The Commander in Chief. He got your letter.

(MONA, *fully recovered*, sails on, crosses to CAPTAIN.)

RUBY. (*Concerned.*) Miss Kent! Are you all right?

MONA. Never better, my dear. Look how Kewpie-Doll revived me! (*She flashes an enormous diamond ring.*)

RUBY. Gee, Miss Kent, congratulations! (*Guiltily.*) Oh, Dick, I've been such a fool.

DICK. Ruby darling! (*He embraces her.*)

CAPTAIN. (*To MONA.*) Consuelo, my own.

(*They embrace.*)

MONA. Olé.

(MONA and CAPTAIN exit.)

JOAN. (*Holding up finger.*) Well?

LUCKY. WOO-WOO!

(LUCKY and JOAN exit.)

DICK. Just think, Ruby, this morning you were on a bus with nothing but a pair of tap shoes in your suitcase and a prayer in your heart. And now you're not only a big Broadway star, the

toast of Manhattan, you're the sweetheart of the U.S. Navy. How does it feel?

RUBY. (*Simply.*) Nice. But I'm still just a simple girl from Centerville, U.S.A.

DICK. And I'm just a simple guy.

BOTH. So—

SONG: "LET'S HAVE A SIMPLE WEDDING"

RUBY and DICK.

LET'S HAVE A SIMPLE WEDDING,
A QUIET WEDDING FOR TWO,
NO CROWDS, NO FUSS, NO BOTHER,
JUST MOM AND FATHER WILL DO.

DICK.

DARLING, THE DAY WE MARRY
I'LL CARRY YOU THROUGH THE DOOR
OF OUR OWN LITTLE SUNSHINE COTTAGE—

RUBY.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING MORE—

BOTH.

JUST YOU AND A WEDDING FOR TWO!

(RUBY and DICK exit to opposite Wings. Show CURTAIN out.

White BATTLESHIP, with white guns set and all white costumes. LUCKY enters, the nervous bridegroom. JOAN on in wedding dress. Crosses to Center.)

LUCKY.

AFTER OUR QUIET MARRIAGE
A BABY CARRIAGE WILL ROLL INTO VIEW—

JOAN.

BUT FIRST, DEAR, LET'S HAVE A WEDDING,

BOTH.

A QUIET WEDDING FOR TWO!

(MONA enters in wedding dress, CAPTAIN following.)

MONA.

I'LL SAY "I DO" AND I'LL BE TRUE
ALL THROUGH OUR WEDDING DAY,

CAPTAIN.

AND YOURS I'LL BE ETERNALLY
WHEN MUMMY GIVES ME AWAY!

(RUBY enters Up Center in wedding dress. DICK on Right. GUN SALUTE [FX]. SMOKE-FLASHES explode.)

ALL.
LET'S HAVE A SIMPLE WEDDING,
A QUIET WEDDING FOR TWO
JUST ME, MISTER PREACHER AND YOU!

*(Full color RAINBOW appears Up Center on final bars of
number.)*

CURTAIN

PROPERTY PLOT

Ruby—wrist watch
Piano—fake black upright
Chair—black straight-back
Ladder—painted (*not* one of three non-prop ladders used in 'Dames')
Boxes (3)—in graduated sizes, wrapped in bright solid-color paper, tied with black cord for end of Act One.
Suitcase—medium size, giving impression of cheap cardboard; covered in light-green metallic wrapping paper
Tap shoes—one pair, in suitcase; not worn by Ruby
Buckets (2)—covered silver foil
Mops (2)—white
Umbrellas (5)—clear plastic, with silver-glitter polka dots
Bouquets (5)—realistic artificial (3 white wedding bouquets, with white satin streamers: lilies (Ruby) orchids (Mona) roses (Joan); 1 large bouquet of pink roses, 1 small of red roses
Hoops (3)—wicker painted with flat-finish white, twined with garlands of pink snapdragons
Telescope—white and silver (small)
Glass—plastic; illusion of bicarb
'Diamond' ring—oversized
Fan—Oriental, attached to hook on Joan's 'Sin-Sin' costume
Paper bag—medium-sized, stuffed for weight and body
Telegrams (5)—Western Union
Baby Ruth—regular size only
Pencils (2)—1 for Ruby (Act One), 1 for Dick (Act Two)
Music sheets (3)—2, folded in half, for Dick; 1, in eighths, for Ruby
Black vinyl chips—to fill snowbag (dropped at end of Act One)
Lucky's 'dress'—large cluster of material used in 'Echo' costumes
Buddha-god arms—long, glittery-purple gloves
Luckies—green-pack cover made with material used for 'Wall Street' bows; Hennesey uses approximately 2 cigarettes per performance
Gum—Joan uses approximately 2 sticks per performance

PROPERTY PLOT

'Mister Man' props:

HENNESEY:

Ragged hat and coat
Tailcoat, bowtie and gloves
Walking stick
Top hat—Mona's 'Wall St.' hat with bow removed
Revolver
Flower
Money—at least ten pieces
Party hat

LUCKY:

Round tray with 3 plastic champagne glasses
Small tray with tiara and necklace of 'pearls'
Perfume atomizer

JOAN:

Derby
Party blower
Unfurled serpentines—no more than ten, should not be bunched
(Uses bouquet of pink roses also used in Act Two)

RUBY:

Party hat
Party horn
Strawhat
Gift box with bow

PROP MAN:

Throws serpentine
Dresses Hennesey in ragged clothes

MONA:

Bosom scarf

COSTUME PLOT

ONA—*Wall Street Costume:*

One-piece tinsel cloth tap costume, satin lapels, decorated with satin "dollar bills," top hat, long gloves, rhinestone buttons and bracelets, tap shoes with bows.

IAN—*Rehearsal Clothes:*

One-piece play suit tap costume with separate matching wrap-around skirt with godets, hair bows, tap shoes with bows.

JBV—*Rehearsal Clothes:*

One piece play suit tap costume with separate matching wrap-around skirt with godets, plastic bow hair barrette, 30's type shoes.

JBV—*Rain Coat:*

Pale plaid taffeta trench coat with contrasting saddle stitching decoration, hat to match rehearsal costume, belt has fabric-covered buckle.

ENNESEY—*Rehearsal Clothes:*

White trousers, very wide with pleats and cuffs, silk shirt in very bold plaid pattern, sleeveless V-neck pullover sweater, loud wide 4-inch hand tie, white shoes.

ICK—*Sailor Suit:*

Standard sailor whites with extra wide bells and legs, navy blue satin neck scarf, black shoes, black socks, white T-shirt, white sailor hat.

JCKY—*Sailor Suit:*

Same as Dick.

ONA:

Dark purple satin crepe culotte costume, evening cape of tinsel organza and feathers trim, bolero type top to match culottes and sash, pumps.

ONG—(HENNESEY) *Mandarin Costume:*

Full-sleeved tunic coat, full trousers, hat and mask, sequin decorated.

JE—(JOAN) *Dancing Girl:*

Bikini pants with panels and decoration, decorated bra top, decorations of draped chains and fabric flowers, iridescent veil and headress, ballet slippers.

SIN-SIN—(MONA) *Female Mandarin Costume:*

Pleated skirt, long-sleeved tunic with pagoda collar, headress and mask, sequin decorations.

JOAN—*Act Two Dress:*

Satin bias-cut street dress

MONA—*Act Two Dress:*

Satin bias-cut street dress, with underskirt of Spanish flounces.

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS—(HENNESEY):

Officer whites with correct epaulets and hat, ribbon decorations.

DAMES AT SEA COSTUME—(MONA):

One-piece sparkle cloth sailorette costume, satin scarf and hat.

DAMES AT SEA (RUBY):

Same as Mona.

DAMES AT SEA (JOAN):

Same as Mona.

FINALE—*Sailor Costume:*

A. HENNESEY, MONA, JOAN, LUCKY, DICK

White sailor top with gold epaulets, rhinestone decorations, blue satin scarf, sparkle hat with flag, patent tap shoes.

B. Accessories for LUCKY and DICK

Scarf and snap-on epaulets, hat and tap shoes.

RUBY—*Sweetheart of the Navy Costume:*

One-piece tap costume, epaulets, medals, gloves, hat, tap shoes with bows.

ECHO WALTZ GIRL—(MONA):

Satin bodice with ribbons for trim, fancy apron, tulle ballet skirt, flower and ribbon headress.

ECHO WALTZ GIRL—(RUBY):

Same as Mona.

ECHO WALTZ GIRL—(JOAN):

Same as Mona.

JOAN—*Backstage:*

30's wrapper.

JOAN—*White Wedding Gown:*

Bias-cut crepe gown, satin trim and sash, satin hat and veil (2 layers), bouquet of white roses.

MONA—*White Wedding Gown:*

Bias-cut crepe gown, extreme sleeves, giant sparkle comb and veil (2 layers), bouquet of white orchids.

COSTUME PLOT

57

RUBY—*White Wedding Gown:*

Bias-cut taffeta gown with organza sleeves and ruffled godets, cap and veil, ruffled edging (2 layers), white lily bouquet.

RUBY—*Act Two Dress:*

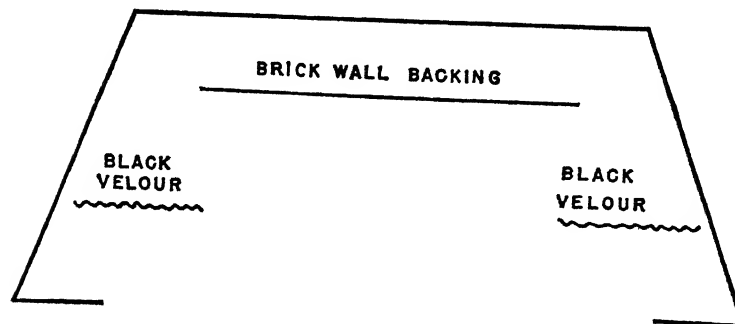
Bias-cut street dress.

RUBY—*Backstage:*

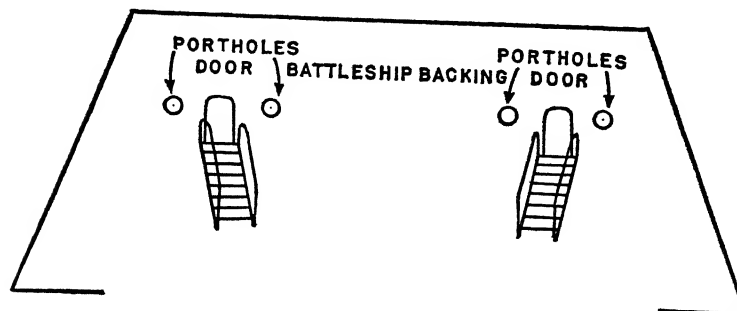
30's wrapper.

MONA—*Act Two:*

Man's silk dressing gown, white sparkle yachting cap.



ACT I.
"DAMES AT SEA"



ACT II.
"DAMES AT SEA"

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

MUSICAL COMEDY

Abe Burrows' adaptation from Jane Austen's "PRIDE and PREJUDICE" and Helen Jerome's play.

Music and lyrics by

ROBERT GOLDMAN, GLENN PAXTON and GEORGE WEISS

14 men, 12 women—seven sets

Mrs. Bennet faces the problem of marrying her five daughters to men of social status and wealth. Not that the Bennetts are impoverished; "We prefer to think of ourselves as un-wealthy." The principal romance is that of Darcy, the social snob, and Elizabeth, who teaches him better manners. He considers her a giddy middle-class bore, while she refuses to cater to his conceit. This intrigues him, and gradually he succumbs to her charms. His eyes are opened, however, when he learns of the audacious ruses by which Mrs. Bennett is arranging matches for her daughters. In the end, Mrs. Bennett's daughters manage to succeed in spite of her. The scenes include glorious balls and colorful garden parties, where many extras may be used, and the lines sparkle. "First Impressions" is rich in family appeal."—*N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun*. "A wonderfully handsome and well-populated romance."—*N.Y. Daily News*.

(Terms quoted on application.)

PETER PAN

MUSICAL FANTASY

By J. M. Barrie

CAROLYN LEIGH, BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN, lyrics
MARK CHARLAP, JULE STYNE, Music

28 characters, extras—4 Exteriors, 2 Interiors

This version of one of the world's most celebrated plays was first produced to critical acclaim on Broadway with Mary Martin in the role of Peter Pan and Cyril Ritchard in the role of Captain Hook, and then later reproduced twice on television, in the first of which reproductions it shattered all previous audience records. And little wonder. Here is all the charm of Barrie, of Peter and Tinker Bell and the children and pirates in Never Never Land, embellished with song. "Bountiful, good-natured . . . A vastly amusing show."—*N.Y. Times*. "A delightful entertainment . . . The young in heart of all ages will love it."—*N.Y. Mirror*. "The musical version of this most endearing of all theatrical fantasies is a captivating show."—*N.Y. Daily News*. "An extraordinarily ingenious wedding of J. M. Barrie's timeless fairy tale with a pleasant and workable score."—*N.Y. Journal-American*.

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